

**come sink into me (let me breathe you in) by
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Summary:

Meet me. You know where. - B, Steve reads the words over and over, a sense of déjà vu stirring along with the anticipation in his gut.

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Meet me. You know where. - B, Steve reads the words over and over, a sense of déjà vu stirring along with the anticipation in his gut. He looks around, makes sure no one's got their eyes on him before he slams his locker shut, the note crumpled tight in his fist.

His heart's pounding by the time he gets to their meeting place (a utility closet tucked in a deserted corner of the school), and he takes a few deep breaths to get some semblance of calm. Closing a hand around the doorknob, Steve idly thinks: *so this is what it feels like, being on this side of the door.* He'd always been the one who did the waiting before, already poised for his latest catch. (He resolutely does not think of the fact Nancy Wheeler had been the last one.)

Doing another cursory glance over his shoulder, Steve deems it safe enough to finally swing the door open, wide-eyed and cautious as he peeks in.

"Hello?" Steve calls out, his voice echoing in the dark, muted silence. He puts one foot forward, then another, then--

Someone tugs him into the cramped space, shutting the door behind Steve at the same time, engulfing them in complete darkness. Steve can't help the gasp that's literally knocked out of him as he's bodily pushed against a shelf of what could be cleaning supplies.

"Took you long enough, pretty boy," Billy's voice drips like warm honey down Steve's back, making him shiver. "Made me wait for so long like some bitch."

"I only just got to school, Billy, jeez--" Steve wheezes, chest heaving against Billy's, the two of them pressed together like mismatched puzzle pieces; gaps in the right places but filling in the wrong ones at the same time.

"Did I fucking ask, Harrington?" Billy snaps, the hand that's fisted around Steve's collar tightening. The mood shifts then, and Steve half-expects Billy to throw him around a bit more-- a warning for running his big, stupid mouth, but instead what comes is Billy's

laughter.

It's dry and almost cruel, like he'd sensed the trickle of fear that ran up Steve's spine in that moment and found it absolutely fucking hilarious.

"You're so wound up, Jesus--" Billy brings a hand up to Steve's face, cupping his jaw before running a thumb over Steve's bottom lip. "Gotta loosen you up, pretty boy."

The hand that had been making a slow descent down Steve's side suddenly closes around his hip, drawing him closer with a hard tug. Steve can't help the hitch in his breath at this display of strength, arousal heavy in his gut. It's a small comfort to find that Billy is just as affected by all this, his clothed dick a hot line against Steve's thigh as he starts rutting into him, like he wants Steve to feel just how hard he is from having him trapped like this.

"*Christ*, Billy, at least turn on the fucking light--"

"Yeah?" Billy's now digging his fingers into the meat of Steve's sides, so much so that Steve's sure there will be bruises later. "Mmm, I don't think so, Harrington. It's hotter this way, y'know, doing this shit in the dark."

"What the--" Steve jolts the next second, shuddering at the sensation of something slick running up the side of his neck. He stiffens out of reflex, heart jumping to his throat as memories of hell-like creatures flicker in his mind, but then Billy's laughing into his ear, sucking the soft flesh into his hot, wet mouth. "Did you just fucking *lick* me?"

Billy hums in reply, the vibrations travelling up his throat and directly against the sensitive flesh of Steve's ear, still caught in between Billy's lips. He pulls away to sneak another lick along the line of Steve's jaw, making sure to leave a deliberate trail of spit.

"You're seriously gross, man." Steve hisses, but the fact that he doesn't move a single inch away is telling to both of them.

Billy doesn't respond in words and instead wraps a loose hand around Steve's neck. He taps on the tender spot where Steve's pulse point is,

relishing in the way it quickens under his touch. Then he leans all the way in until Steve is staring right into the unmistakable shine of Billy's blue, blue eyes.

In this proximity, Steve can see flecks of green along with the iciness of Billy's gaze. It's a minute detail that costs him lost attention in the way Billy's mouth twists into a sneer, and the next thing he knows Billy's biting down on his bottom lip, pulling with his teeth like some kind of animal wanting to tear meat off its prey.

"*Mmh--*" Steve's hands fly up to try to push Billy away, the bite just getting to *this* side of painful, but then Billy lets go, immediately licking into Steve's mouth, so sweet and slow, almost like an apology. The hands that had all the intention of shoving Billy off of him mere seconds ago are now gripping him by the shoulders, white-knuckled and shaking as Steve keeps Billy close.

It's always an experience kissing Billy Hargrove, the kind that can be stashed away at the back of the mind for future jerk off material. Steve's shameless enough to admit to doing just that; cold, lonely nights spent with his boxers pushed past his thighs, fisting his cock as he relives the memory of Billy's tongue sliding against his own.

Nothing beats the real thing though, especially when there's the added bonus of Billy's hips grinding into his, groaning into his mouth as their cocks catch and drag against the material of their jeans. Steve feels the telltale pool of heat low in his gut, and just as he tries to break away from Billy, ready to warn him that it's getting a bit too hot and heavy, he actually *growls* and deepens the kiss.

Billy's hips start pumping harder now, the pace so erratic and desperate it causes the shelf behind them to sway, squeaking under their combined weight. Steve feels lightheaded both from the lack of oxygen in his lungs and the pure, unbridled want in his belly as Billy sucks on his bottom lip again, eyelashes fluttering against the curve of Steve's cheek.

Reality is lost on both of them, their world shrunk into the size of a utility closet, but then the fantasy is fizzled out by approaching footsteps, the sound of casual conversation defeaning in the heated silence.

It's like they've both been shocked back from unconsciousness, Billy ripping himself away from Steve, his jaw tightening as he angles one ear towards the door. Steve gulps thickly, his heart pounding so loud in his ears that he's sure whoever's outside can hear the frantic *thump thump thump*.

"--so I told him, fuck off!" someone-- a girl, judging by the pitch of her voice-- says, steps halting near the door.

"You *didn't*!" comes another feminine voice, followed by a giggle. Shadows play across the gap between the door and the floorboards, and the thought that they're literally a foot or two away has Steve's stomach lurching (from fear or anxiety or something else entirely, he's not sure of.)

"I so did! I mean, the asshole was trying to feel up my skirt--"

As if on cue, Billy's hand closes around the bulge between Steve's thighs, squeezing it once, twice before pressing a kiss against Steve's temple.

He pulls away briefly, face obscured by the shadows as he places a finger over his lips: *Shhh, pretty boy*. Then he's rocking into Steve again, his dick still ridiculously hard despite the prospect of being caught. If anything, it might even be the very possibility that urges Billy on, a dangerous glint in his eye as he moves in a more languid, sensual pace.

"Oh my god, really?" the voice behind the door lowers to a whisper, the words barely reaching Steve's ears. "But I thought... you wanted him to?"

An indignant huff follows, then the other girl whispers back. "Well, yes, but I'm not some... some *slut*!" The last word is said through gritted teeth. "He's cute and all, but if he wants to get to third base then he should've taken me somewhere romantic, not in some dirty storage room in his *mother's* office, of all places."

Steve feels shame crawl up his throat like bile then, his cheeks heating up to the point they're hot to the touch. Billy's still moving against him, slow and deliberate and so fucking good, one corner of

his mouth quirked up maliciously.

See, pretty boy? Billy seems to say with his gaze, forehead pressing against Steve's, *Even the local cows still got some self-respect.*

Then Billy closes his fingers around Steve's belt loops, pressing their hips flush together before he reaches around Steve. Billy gropes one of his ass cheeks, his hand a hot brand through the denim, and he holds onto Steve like that, rubbing and grinding as he trails kisses up along the column of Steve's neck.

"Fair point," the second girl replies, then, with a playful tone, "but when he *does* take the hint to take you someplace nice, are you going to... you know?"

There's a pause, then a scandalized gasp, followed by tittering laughter.

"...oh, I'll let him do more than just *that*," This time, the girl's voice is pitched low, sounding almost conspiratorial as she whispers, "I'll let him do it all over my face, even."

Steve clenches his jaw at the sudden sensation of Billy bucking into him, the force of it so hard that his cock throbs. Then Billy's fingers are pressing into the seam between Steve's ass cheeks, as if wanting to claw into the puckered hole there.

"Hear that, Harrington?" Billy leans in, his voice rough and pitched low with arousal. "How 'bout taking a leaf out of the chick's book, huh?" He stops grinding into Steve and holds him tightly by the hips instead, suspending the sensation of their cocks pressed together. "Next time we're here, you're gonna suck my cock and let me come aaaall over your pretty little face."

Steve clutches onto Billy tighter as he feels his gut tighten and his cock jerk in response to Billy's words. He squeezes his eyes shut, burying his face into Billy's shoulder as feels the exact moment he's tipped over the precipice of his pleasure, the utter intensity of his orgasm wringing a broken moan out of him.

"What was that?" the girl from behind the door suddenly speaks up,

but before Steve can even process his panic Billy already has a hand clamped over his mouth, eyes deadset with two words: *Be. Quiet.*

Out of all the things Billy Hargrove has done to him, Steve is convinced that this is definitely the cruelest. There are tears collecting at the corners of his eyes, pleased noises trapped at the back of his throat. His fingers dig into Billy's leather jacket just as his toes curl inside his sneakers, every part of him taut as he comes and comes and comes, Billy's blue, blue eyes his only anchor to reality.

"What? I didn't hear any--" Whatever else was going to be said is abruptly cut off by the school bell, signalling the start of class. After a flurry of curses and footsteps that taper off into a distant hum, Steve finally sags against the shelf, arms falling away from their hold on Billy.

"Shit," he hisses as Billy peels away from him, feeling incredibly gross and uncomfortable with the sweat running down his back and cum cooling in his briefs. His eyes flick over to Billy, mouth at a downturn. "how the hell am I supposed to go to class like this?"

"Hey, not my fault, Harrington. That's not *my* dick to control." Billy gestures at his fly with a raised eyebrow, looking extremely smug despite his words. Steve's more than ready to retaliate with a few choice words of his own when suddenly Billy's sidling in closer again, his fingers curling around a stray strand of hair getting in Steve's face. "Besides, we could always ditch school, y'know," he murmurs, like he's sharing a secret meant only for the two of them, "we could drive back to your place, have you wash up real good, get some fresh clothes on..."

Billy's gaze promises none of those things, the glint in his eye a dead giveaway of what he truly has in store for Steve. The hot, insistent line of his dick pressing against Steve's thigh doesn't do much for his case too, but Steve finds he doesn't need much convincing anyway.

"Right." he says, and it should probably scare him how easy the words roll off his tongue, but it doesn't. Not really. "Yeah, okay."

Billy tucks the lone strand of hair behind Steve's ear, patting his cheek once. Here, in the shadows, Billy's sharp eyes and equally

sharp grin look anything but safe-- then again, who is Steve Harrington if not reckless?

"Lead the way, pretty boy." Billy says, stepping aside for him.

Steve does.

Author's Note:

and then they had steamy sex in steve's heated pool
bc why the fuck not right??